

Reclaim what was mine

by loveharryDaphne

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Summary: Tired of the life he had lived for others only to be discarded after his task was done, Harry travels to the past to reclaim the life he had earned and find love and family. HP/AB/NM, Later AT/BL may be added.

Reclaim what was mine

Disclaimer: I DO NOT OWN HARRY POTTER NEITHER I AM WRITING THIS FOR PROFIT. IT'S JUST TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY. It is an one time disclaimer, will not be repeated at every chapter.

Chapter 1

Silenceâ€¦ Solitudeâ€¦ Lonelinessâ€¦ Deathâ€¦

"Is the reason for my life was just to be the weapon to kill the dark lord who tormented and killed more magical beings and beasts in UK than any other. Was I born just to be a pawn in a game of life played by fate and self serving and righteous bastards? Was I only a thing to be used and discarded? Forgotten once my purpose was served. Left alone to mourn the death and loss of people who cared about me and bear the pain alone? Was my only purpose was to get rid of one delusional dark lord so that the purebloods can again drag magical world back to ignorance bigotry and racism. Was leader of lights grand vision of the ideal society filled with hypocrite families and leaders who consider anyone else less than human or just breeding stocks for their incompetent heirs and deranged family? Was I only a symbol of destruction of dark lord, nothing more? Where was my so called family, my so called friends, my mentor my teachers? Did I not deserve a family to love and care? Was I born just to keep in darkness my whole life so that one day I could die for the people who don't deserve it, for the greater good? And what then, what about my true friends, people who never left my side for whatever may be the reason. What about muggleborns who were forced to be part of magical society in the name of reassuring the future of declining magical

population, snatched away from their muggle families, forced into multiple marriages using blood based contracts with purebloods so they can continue their demented ideologies by using them as cattle and discarding. Was this the world I fought for and gave my life for? Was this the world where I thought would get to live my life and have family? What was my purpose?"

"My life was nothing if not an adventure in a sadistic way, filled with monsters wearing both white and black, manipulators, killers and psychopaths. My whole life laid out like a chess board even before I learned how to walk. My family destroyed because of one prophecy, one old man believing in the greater good of sacrificing one family for the sake of their world, and one madman who would do anything to live forever. Where I lived, who should I be friends with, whom should I fall in love with, whom should I marry, my whole bloody life was nothing but a scheme hatched in the mind of a senile old bugger."

"No one once asked me about what I want or even given a choice whether I have a say or not. People whom I thought had my best in their hearts were just waiting for me to die, so they can enjoy my family fortune which I had no idea ever existed. All I ever heard from them was it was the right thing to do so I should do it, no explanations were ever provided. Keeping me ignorant of my heritage, my family, my rights. Growing up in that hellhole all I wanted was to know about my parents. What my mum looked like, what things she liked or hated. What were her favorite books or dishes? What hobbies she had, what kind of person was she. All I was told was that she was a redhead and I had her eyes, nothing less nothing more. Potters were very old family and all I knew about my dad was that I had his messy hair and weak eyesight. What they didn't know was I started having eyesight problems after aunt petunia hit me in the head with frying pan when I was six, reason behind was bacon was slightly overcooked. What of my grandparents? Who were they, what they used to do, what they achieved in their life time? I wanted my identity, not to be known as boy who lived but as a potter. But all I ever heard from people around me was that a dark lord is hell bent on killing me and a prophecy states that only I could kill me. Only Sirius was the only person with whom I could be whatever I want and ask what I wish without any fear of retribution in form of emotional blackmail. Other person was Hermione but she was also taken away from me. I brought her back eventually but by the time she has become emotionless zombie. I couldn't do anything to bring her smile back. Did she deserve it? Did she come to this world to be segregated, used as breeding whore and then cast out? Didn't she give her all to help me get rid of Voldemort? What about my life, my choices, my happiness, my sorrows?"

"I was so naïve back then. Always seem to see good in people. Never thinking twice that they might have a motive behind it. I held so much sway in the wizarding society. I could have brought changes to it, not for the mindless sheep but for people like Hermione, Neville and Luna. I could have used my popularity to make sure biased laws are removed and equality restored. I know it would have taken my whole lifetime and I could have failed in doing so but at least I could have tried. But what all I did was to get used by others, my name, my fame, my money, my status, my family, my friends, basically everything as a puppet. And I only realized this when all I could do was just to sit and watch."

"But now I am ready to live for myself, be little selfish. Have a loving family. I could have all that if I succeed."

He opened his eyes to see the massive runic circle around him glow with power. It was time for me to go, to leave all the misery and hate behind, one way or another. He started chanting in an old obscure language, raising and dipping his pitch in a rhythm. Runes around him were responding to his intensity and pitch.

He closed his eyes again, thoughts wandering back to the time when he had thought that at least war was over and to be happily ever after, but couldn't. And now it was time to live and enjoy life or to move on to the next great adventure. He placed the elder wand on the activation rune and started pouring his magic into it. At first he had to consciously regulate the power but soon he felt his core bound to the circle as the ritual started extracting the final payment.

"This is it."

These were his last coherent thoughts as his body was consumed by the energies of the ritual. Harry James Potter was dead.

Darkness was the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes. He was lying on his back on some uneven lumps. His body was in so much pain as if herd of hippogriffs have trampled him repeatedly and then some.

"Where am I? Afterlife? Am I dead or alive? Did I fail?"

Panicking he forced his body to move but only to fall down on hard cold damp floor. A cry of pain escaped his mouth as his head made contact. He tried standing up groaning when he felt something near his head. Instantly he reached out for it and was rewarded with sudden brightness making him flinch and shut his eyes again. He cursed his bloody seeker reflexes and slowly opened his eyes. He found himself standing in a small room with two steel cots covered with rags as mattress, oh so these were the lumps hurting my back. There was a small window beside a double door wardrobe with one door hanging off its hinges fearing to fall any second. It was dark outside, must still be night. Dull brown walls were devoid of anything except a calendar hanging just beside the door. There was a small collection of broken toys below the window. Everything was old fashioned, the wallpaper, the windows, furniture, everything.

"Wait a minute!" he thought.

The room and the bed everything seemed too small. He looked down at and found himself staring at two small knobby hands with dirt filled nails. Yes he was still a malnourished, neglected child, great. He gasped when he turned around to see the bed he was lying on. He could see dried blood and lots of it. Sharp poking pain made him reach out for back of his head.

"So this was the source of all this blood."

He felt blood soaked matted long shoulder length hair.

"What the hell, I didn't had long hair when I was small."

He raised his right hand instinctly to the scar which was bane of his life. To his astonishment he felt nothing but a smooth skin.

"I have to find a mirror."

He went to the wardrobe to find the broken door side of it empty. Other side was filled with few old cloths one worn towel, a broken soap box, a toothbrush whose bristles have acquired a brown tinge and toothpaste. As there was only one door in the room he guessed the bathroom must be communal and must be having a mirror. He needed to clean the dried blood off his head too.

"Where am I."

He tried going through his memories to see whether he could remember anything only for the headache to come back at full force. He needed to know where he was. But first he wanted to see where the scar was. Was it there at another place? He grabbed a t shirt, a lanky pair of jeans, the towel, soap box, stuffed toothbrush and paste in his pocket and slowly made to the door. Rotating it he found it unlocked. He peeked out to see whether anyone was out there. Finding no one he slowly crept out cringing slightly at the whining noise door made when he closed it. He found himself standing in a corridor with doors on both sides with numbers on them. He turned to see number forty seven on the door he has existed. The door on the far end had a sign of restroom. He quickly went inside and locked the door. It was a communal bathroom with few sinks, thank god with mirrors, broken and chipped though, on one side with few urinals. the opposite side was a open bathing space with few shower heads. There were few lavatories between them with half doors. The walls were filled with obscene sketches and words. He placed his things beside to check out his forehead closely in mirror. To say what he saw shocked him would have been the understatement of the century. What was staring back at him was not the emerald green eyed boy with messy black hair but a boy with sparkling violet eyes, high cheek bones, long shoulder length black hair with aristocratic features, though with sunken cheeks and dark circles around eyes. He didn't even know this person who was staring back at him.

After a long cold shower to get rid of all the dried blood he came back to the room. His thoughts were in turmoil. All his plans for his life were for naught. He didn't know who he was, where he was, at least he knew he was a wizard for he could sense his magical core. There were so many questions running around in his head.

"Ok I need answers. Only then I will know whether the plans I made were viable or I need to change them or completely discard them."

He made a made a mental note to find answers of his few basic questions tomorrow as much as he wanted to find out now, he was tired and his head and body were aching. He hopelessly tried to make his bed comfortable and was asleep before his head touched down.

Loud screeching noise woke him out of his slumber in morning.

"Get up you worthless shit, and who the hell you think you are to lock your door? If its not open in next few moments then yesterdays beatings would seem like a stroll in the park."

"Somebody got up on wrong side of bed this morning." Harry

thought.

He groaned and rubbed his eyes. Opening them he saw sunlight streaming through the window. At least he could see clearly without his glasses.

He got up and wore the ragged snickers beside his bed. Apparently he could never be free of bloody bullies in his life. He opened the door to see a tall thin spindly boy with brown hairs and freckles all over his face sneering down at him.

"Do you need a special invitation toe rag?" Saying this he punched harry in the stomach. As he bent down holding his paining stomach, he felt a knee on his face.

"I don't want you to be ever to be late again for breakfast and if I am made to be messenger boy for you again then I promise you I'll make you regret the day you were born you worthless arsewipe."

Harry found himself lying on the floor with bleeding nose and hurting stomach. He needed to get out of here. But first he had to know where he was. He slowly picked himself up holding his bloodied nose. He took out little foam from run down mattress and stuffed his nostrils to stop the bleeding and moved towards the stairs at the opposite end of the corridor. As he came down the stairs he found himself standing in a mess hall with about fifty to sixty boys of various age groups.

"So I'm in an orphanage."

He silently took a plate and moved to the server. Thin watery porridge was on the breakfast menu today with was just a tad better than hot water. As he turned to find himself a table to sit he found himself ostracized by other kids. No one wanted me to sit with them as they scooted to cover the remaining space on their benches. He took the hint and went and sat at the far end corner of the hall alone.

"So in this life also I was friendless and alone."

"But now was not the time for me being drawn to sorrows."

I chastisized myself.

"You can loath yourself later."

"Now the question was if I'm not Harry Potter then who am I? Am I in the same world I wanted to be or it is a different reality? Is there a prophecy here about Voldemort or Voldemort does even exist here? If he does then where is he? Is he dead, alive or in spirit form waiting for a new body?"

He quickly finished his porridge, left his plate in the large sink near the washrooms and left the mess hall in search of answers; at least some of them could be answered today. He followed the direction signs on the walls to locate the office. Spotting the sign office he quickly went inside. Matron as well as other staff were still in the mess hall.

"I have to get out of here before any one notices me." He

thought.

Locating the file cabinet in one corner he started searching for file on room number 47. As he had found himself in that room last night it was the most direct way to finding his identity. He found it in the last drawer. His papers were at the end.

Hadrian Hebridean Peverell { found sewed on the baby blanket }

D.O.B. unknown

Age: about 2 years when found

Parents: Unknown

Date of admission: 31ST October 1957

Rest of the files was about things such as vaccination details, medical reports and various citations from staff. Basically he was being blamed for whatever weird used to happen at orphanage.

"Typical ignorant and lazy people."

"Hadrian Hebridean Peverell, so that's who I'm. I was Peverell heir in last life but I didn't think I would be someone related to the Peverell this time. At least I could use the name if it proves to be genuine."

His self musings stopped abruptly and he reread the date of his admission.

31ST October 1957

He looked at the calendar on matrons desk to check out today's date. It was 12 November 1961.

"So I'm still only about six years of age. And if I'm here then what happened to my parents or family? Who was my father? What about my mum? Who were they? Why am I not with them? Are they dead or alive? What about my mother's family? Who were my godparents? Why have they not taken me in? Where they alive?"

"And what the hell I am doing in 1961? My plans were to replace my younger self and correct all that was wronged. But here I was a different person, with a different identity with no family in the bloody wrong time."

"Ahhhâ€¦.. so many questions and not a single answer."

"I needed more information, definitely much more."

"But first I needed to escape from this hellhole and find a place for myself. I needed to know what was happening in muggle and magical world to alter my plans. I dint know what I was going to do with my almost six year old body and no roof over my head. Even though my mind was that of a grownup my body was still that of a child, weak, beaten and malnourished. I was thinner than most six years mostly due to incarcerated in orphanage for more two thirds of my life. At least I could use my head to try and survive on my own in London."

"I have to plan an escape. Harry quickly replaced the file in the drawer and ran straight to his room. Bolting the door down he sat cross legged on the floor and started meditation exercises to clear his mind, build his occlumancy shields and develop his core."

"Soon I will be free."

"It took me six days to finish up with a plan and stabilize my core enough to do some magic, in case I found a wand which was unlikely, so I have decided to make one. Rudimentary only but it would be a great help till I could make a proper wand with proper ingredients. I had taken my own hair strand soaked it in my own blood because wand needed a magical core and around me the only magical thing I could find was myself. I stole a English oak wood piece which looked like a piece of dollhouse. I made a thin incision with a nail which I had taken from the window frame corner and place my blood soaked hair in it. Then I sealed it using stolen glue and ash from the boilers. I knew it will not be able to hold even the basic lumos so I gripped it with both of my hands and willed my magic to seal it. It took almost three days of me pouring my magic in it how much ever my weak body could afford. Wandless magic was very rare difficult and limited for wizards and even when I was at my peak I could only manage very few of wandless spells. Sixth day it was done, I was ready to leave."

Harry was lying awake in anticipation. Tonight he would escape his prison. He had suffered a lot last six days due to neglecting his so called duties for elder boys but he needed time and privacy for his plan to succeed. Little pain could not stop him.

As he heard the distant ring of the church bell struck one after midnight Harry quickly grabbed one of his old shirts and tied all his belongings in it, as they were hardly any and slowly climbed out of the window. He quietly tiptoed along the roof to reach the large oak tree at the end of the patio and slowly climbed down. He silently crossed the porch till he reached the hedges then ran towards the white gate present at the entrance of the orphanage as fast as he could. Not a soul was in sight. The night guard has finished his rounds and was fast asleep in the guardroom. He peeked through the window once to confirm it.

As he reached the front gates he turned around to see if anybody was coming after him. But no one was following. He just stood there a moment and then started climbing the gate. As he jumped down the other side he stooped low and ran to the shadow of the pine trees and bushes which lined the orphanage gates on both sides. He saw few cars drive past him. The cold wind from the driving cars was hitting him, making him shiver as they past.

He took out two more shirts and one pair of pants and wore them above his clothing to ward off the November cold. Bravely he pulled himself together and headed out towards the sign saying London. He walked for what seemed like hours before he came to an old stone bridge that was painted in brick red and lime white.

"The main street bridge," he read out loud to himself.

He raised his shirt collars and stuck his little hands into his pockets to try and keep himself warm. As tired as was he, he was

still determined to make to London by nightfall of this day. He leaned forward and placing one foot in front of the other started walking up the steep incline of the bridge. Huffing and puffing he made his way to the centre of the bridge before coming to a stop. He could see the beautiful city of London sprawled before him. Oh what a beautiful sight it was for the tired eyes of harry to see so many lights in the darkness. To see it again made him feel a sense of joy.

As harry was standing at the centre multiple cars passed him without noticing a small boy standing. Not even realizing he was there.

Being out here in this world was no different from his last one.

"There is no one in the whole wide world that cared about me." He said out loud to himself.

The grief and pain was too much for him. He sat down on the sidewalk, tears slowly trickling from his eyes.

"Are you ok?" Said a strange voice coming from behind me.

As harry was lost in his own thoughts he couldn't hear strangers approach. He cursed himself and stood up. The man was obviously drunk, he could make out from the slur in his voice. Harry noticed his clothing, they were respectable. This was the opportunity he couldn't let go.

"Are you ok?" the man asked again.

"Yes sir, I'm just a little bit cold and tired sir," harry told him.

"Let's get off this cold bridge and go some place where it is warm, you don't want to be out for long in this cold. Do you?" the man suggested.

He led me to below the bridge where there was no light. The stream was all frozen.

"Ahâ€¦ this is a nice warm spot, don't you think so?"

He told harry to sit down and started unbuckling his belt. Harry knew what was coming. He snapped his wand out and immediately cast a stunner at the man. As the man fell harry was already moving towards him. He removed his wallet, pocket watch, rings, pens, his clothing except for his boxers and quickly ran up the bridge. He knew his stunner won't keep the stranger for long that's why he had removed his clothes.

"May be the cold will stop him from pursuing me," harry thought.

Harry ran almost two miles nonstop wheezing loudly to get as much as distance as possible between him and the bridge. He knew if he was caught then dreams of his new life would be over.

His small weak body was protesting against the torture he was forcing

upon it. But he could not give up.

Light was beginning to spread around the horizon when He saw a diner sign little far away with few trucks standing. They were his ticket to London. He quickly read the package labels to find a truck going towards London. Once in London he could find his way for the Diagon alley. He climbed on one trailer heading towards London and hid between the packages. Soon he felt the truck start and head towards his goals. He took out the things he had robbed from that pig of a man. His wallet had about 47 pounds and few pence. Two of the rings were gold with medium quality gems on it and pocket watch was silver. He could easily use the money to jump start his plans.

Sometime after noon the hustle bustle of the city woke him up. He peeped out to see where they have reached. Surprisingly he found himself near London docklands. He had made a mistake of estimating the time required because he had thought of the traffic of London during his time. He jumped off the trailer as it slowed off a corner and ran straight towards the derelict building in front of him.

It was an old dock storage building abandoned maybe after second world war probably by the state of it.

"It will have to do for few days till he could get his own place." Harry said to himself.

He climbed to the highest floor and looked around, to see a cargo dockyard few blocks away with seamen and dock workers working.

"There must be food there."

He had rested quite a bit on the trailer but it was almost a day without food or water. he quickly casted an extension charm and a weightless one on one of his jacket pockets and placed everything he owned it except few quid which he needed for food.

As the docks came into view he could see a couple of food stalls near the gates. Workers run on food and no workplace would be without food if they want employees happy. Running up to the nearest one he quickly scanned the menu.

"Hmmm not much was offered, but it will have to do." Harry thought.

"Oye lad, what are you doing here? Where is your dad?" The person from the stall asked me as he saw him alone.

Quickly improvising harry said, "Dad is taking rest on the side, his shift just got over. I'm here with him today, mama had some work. Can you please pack eight chicken and cheese sandwiches and two water bottles please? Mama won't be making dinner tonight."

"Coming right up lad, you just wait a bit."

Sighing harry started waiting impatiently for him to finish his order. His grumbling stomach was really making it very hard for him to wait with all the smell of food around.

Taking change back harry took the large bag which was really big for

his small body. He could see the concern in the man's eyes.

"I will be fine; it's just a little bit far."

Harry didn't want him to suspect anything.

He carried the bag as fast as possible to the nearest corner and after looking around for anyone watching quickly cast weightless charm on the bag.

Ahhh some relief. He really hated being small. And really loved magic.

He selected an old office on the third floor of the building to be his temporary accommodation. Few reparo's on the door, windows and desk and cleansing charms made it habitable. He had chosen this room due to its position and attached bathroom. He casted notice me not charm for both muggle as well as magical on window and door. He also added an owl ward on the window in the name of Mr. Harris Smith so that owls could find him there. He didn't wanted any uninvited visitors to come barging in. Same treatment was given to the bathroom. All it needed now was few runic arrays to make it functional. He had a sandwich and placed stasis charm on the rest and headed out. He intended to reach Diagon alley today.

He reached on an obscure spot near the building and raised his wand high in air and waited. Knightbus existed in this era so he knew sooner it will appear.

The thought has passed through his mind when he heard the familier screech of knightbus braking hard.

"Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded witch or wizard. Just stick out your wand hand, step on board, and we can take you anywhere you want to go. My name is John Hammer, and I will be your conductor this evening."

The conductor seemed just out of school, and new to this job as he was reading straight from a parchment in his hand without sparing a glance at Harry.

Harry cleared his throat loudly, which made John look down at him.

"What are you doing here boy? Where are your parents? Who called knightbus?" He let it all out in one breath.

"Actually my mama is sick and is at St Mungo's and my dad works at Diagon Alley. Dad gave me mama's wand so that I could call knightbus to go and meet him there. Can you take me there? I said in my most innocent voice with puppy dog eyes."

He looked at me for some moments then shrugged, "Come on board, Diagon Alley will be 4 knuts."

Harry had forgotten that he didn't have any wizarding money. He took out few pounds and showed them to John saying, "Dad forgot to give me money; I have only little muggle money with me. Could you take this?"

"What no knuts with you? Oh fine, give me 10 pence. You are lucky that I'm a muggleborn or you would have been in real jam. Come on up. Third bed from the back on the right side on first deck is free. You can have it."

Harry was climbing when knightbus suddenly jerked and sped forward.

End
file.